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\$12.50, \$15,00, \$17,50 \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.50

MONARCH OF THE HEAVENS

Immensity of the Solar Orb and the Heat it P.oduces.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISONS WITH PLANETS

The Earth's Supply of Warmth an Infinitesimal Fraction of What the Sun Actually Pours Forth-Shrinking in Size.

(Copyrighted by Sir Robert Ball.) There is a story told of a well-intentioned missionary who tried to induce a Persian fire worshiper to abandon the creed of his ancestors. "Is it not," urged the Christian minister, "a sad and a deplorable superstition for an intelligent person like you to worship an inanimate object like the sun?" "My friend," said the Persian, "you come from England; now tell me, have you ever seen the sun? The retort was a just one, for the fact is that those of us whose lot requires them to live beneath the clouds and in the gloom which so frequently brood over our northern latitudes, have but little conception of the surpassing glory of the great orb of day as it appears to those who know it in the clear eastern skies. The Persian recognizes in the sun not only the great source of light and of warmth, but even of life itself. Indeed, the advances of modern science ever tend to bring before us with more and more significance the surpassing glory with which Milton tells us the sun is crowned. I shall endeavor to give in this article a brief sketch of what has recently been learned as to the actual warmth which the sun possesses and of the prodigality with

which it pours forth its radiant treasures, I number among my acquaintances an in-telligent gardener, who is fond of speculating about things in the heavens as well as about things on the earth. One day he told me that he felt certain it was quite a mistake to be lieve, as most of us do believe, that the sun up there is a hot, glowing body. "No," he said, "the sun cannot be a source of heat, and prove it. If the sun were a source of said the rural philosopher, "then the closer you approach the sun the warmer you would find yourself. But this is not the case, for when you are climbing up a mountain you pproaching nearer to the sun all the but, as everybody knows, instead of feeling hotter and hotter as you ascend, you are becoming steadily colder and colder. In fact, when you reach a certain height, you will find yourself surrounded by perpetual toe and snow, and you may not improbably be frozen to death when you have got as near to the sun as you can; therefore," concluded my friend, triumphantly, "it is all nonsense to tell me the sun is a scorching hot fire. I thought the best way to explain the little delusion under which the worthy gardener labored was to refer to what takes place in his own domain. I asked him wherein lies the advantage of putting his tender plants into his greenhouse in November. How does that preserve them through the winter? How is it that even without artificial heat the mere shelter of glass will often protect plants from frost? I explained to him that the glass acts as a veritable trap for the sunbeams; it lets them pass in, but it will not let them escape. The temperature within the greenhouse is consequently raised, and thus the necessary warmth is maintained.

a large part of the air. This is the reason why you feel warmer on the surface of the earth than you do on the top of a high moun-If, however, it were possible to go very much closer to the sun; if, for example, the earth were to approach within half its pres-

rach, Mesbach and Abednego to be cast into the burning flery furnace he commanded in his fury that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Let us think of the hottest furnace which the minions of Nebuchadnezzar could ever have kindled with all the resources of Babylon; let us think indeed of one of the most perfect of modern furnaces, in which even a substance so refractory as steel, having first attained a dazzling brilliance, can be melted so as to run like water; imagine the heat dispensing power of that glittering liquid to be multiplied sevenfold; let us go beyond Nebuchadnezzar's frenzied command, and imagine the efficiency of our furnace to be ten or twelve times as as that which he commanded, we shall then obtain a notion of a heat-giving power corresponding to that which would be found in the wonderful celestial furnace, the great sun

Ponder also upon the stupendous size of that orb, which glows at every point of its surface with the astonishing fervor I have indicated. The earth on which we stand is dimensions in comparison with those of the sun? If the earth be represented by a grain of mustard seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a coccanut. Perhaps, however, a more impressive con-ception of the dimensions of the great orb of day may be obtained in this way. Think of the moon, the queen of night, which cir-cles monthly around our heavens, pursuing, as she does, a majestic track, at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth. Yet the sun is so vost that if it were a hollow ball, and if the earth were placed at the center of that

For every acre on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has indeed been estimated that if the heat which is incesestimated that if the heat which is inces-santly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior could be collected and applied beneath the beliers of an At-lantic liner it would suffice to produce steam enough to sustain in centinuous movement those engines of 20,000-horse power which enable a superb ship to break the record be-tween Ireland and America.

The solar heat is shot forth into space in every direction with a prodigality which seems well nigh inexhaustible. No doubt the does intercept a fair sup-of sunbeams for conversion to many needs, but the share of heat that the dwelling place of manearth kind is able to capture and employ forms only an infinitesimal fraction of what the un actually pours forth. It would seem, indeed, very presumptious for us to assume that the that the great sun has come into existence solely for the benefit of poor humanity. The heat and light daily lavished by that orb of incomparable splendor would suffice to warm and illuminate, quite as efficiently as the earth is warmed and lighted, more than two thousand million globes each as large as the earth. If it had indeed been the scheme of pattern to call into existence the solar argreat sun has come into existence of nature to call into existence the solar arrangements on their present scale for the solitary purpose of cherishing this immedalte

earth were to approach within half its present distance, it is certain that the heat would be so intense that all life would be immediately scorched away.

It will be remembered that when Nebuchadnezzar condemned the unhappy Shadrach Mashah, and Abadnez is be cast into

no doubt a mighty globe, measuring as it does 8,000 miles in diameter; yet what are its of mustard seed, then on the same scale the if the earth were placed at the center of that ball, the moon could revolve in the orbit which it now follows, and still be entirely enclosed within the sun's interior.

in which the sun manages its affairs, if we are to suppose that all the solar heat is wasted save that minute fraction which is received by the earth. Out of every \$20,000,000 of heat issuing from the glorious orb of day, we on this earth barely secure the value of one single cent, and all but that significant triffe seems to be utterly squandered. We may say it certainly is squandered so far as humanity is concerned. No doubt there are certain other planets besides the earth, and they will receive quantities of heat to the extent of a few cents more. It must, however, be said that the stupendous volume of solar radiation passes off substantially untaxed into space, and what may actually there become of it science is unable to tell. And now for the great question as to how supply of heat is sustained so as to permit the orb of day to continue in its career of such unparalleled prodigality. Every child knows that the fire on the domestic

hearth will go out unless the necessary sup-plies of wood or coal can be duly provided. The workman knows that the devouring workman knows that the devouring blast furnace requires to be incessantly stoked with fresh fuel. How, then, comes it that a furnace so much more stupendous than any terrestrial furnace can continue to pour forth in perennial abundance its amaz-ing stores of heat without being nourished by continual supplies of some kind? Prof. ingley, who has done so much to extend Langley, who has done so much to extend our knowledge of the great orb of heaven, has suggested a method of illustrating the quantity of fuel which would be required, if indeed it were by successive additions of fuel that the sun's heat had to be sustained. Sup-pose that all the coal seams which underlie America were made to yield up their stores. America were made to yield up their stores. Suppose that the coal fields of England and Suppose that the coal fields of England and Scotland, Australia, China and elsewhere were compelled to contribute every combustible particle they contained. Suppose, in fact, that we extracted from this earth every ton of coal it possesses, in every Island and in every continent. Suppose that this year store of fuel which is

pose that this vast store of fuel, which is adequate to supply the wants of this earth for centuries, were to be accumulated in one stupendous pile. Suppose that an army of stokers, arrayed in numbers which we need not now pause to calculate, were employed to throw this coal into the great solar fur-nace. How long, think you, would so gigantic a mass of fuel maintain the sun's expendi-ture at its present rate? I am but uttering a deliberate scientific fact when I say that a conflagration which destroyed every par-ticle of coal contained in this earth would not generate so much heat as the sun lavishes abroad to ungrateful space in the tenth part of every single second. During the few utes that the reader has been occupied over these lines a quantity of heat which is many thousands of times as great as the heat which could be produced by the ignition of all the coal in every coal pit in the globe has been dispersed and totally lost to the sun.

But we have still one further conception to introduce before we shall have f grasped the significance of the sun's grasped the significance of the sun's ex-travagance in the matter of heat. As the sun shines today on this earth, so it shone yesterday, so it shone a hundred years ago, a thousand years ago; so it shone in the earliest dawn of history; so it shone during those still remoter periods when great animals fourished which have now vanished forever. those still remoter periods when great animals flourished which have now vanished forever; so it shone during that remarkable period in earth's history when the great coal forests flourished; so it shone in those remote ages many millions of years ago when life began to dawn on an earth which was still young. There is every reason to believe that through-out these illimitable periods which the im-agination strives in vain to realize the sun has dispensed its radiant treasures of light and warmth with just the same prodigality as that which now characterizes it.

and thus the necessary warmth is maintained. The dwellers on this earth live in what is equivalent, in this respect, to a greenhouse. There is a copious atmosphere above our heads, and that atmosphere extends to us the same protection which the glass does to the plants in the greenhouse. The air lets the sunbeams through to the earth's surface and then keeps their heat down here to make us comfortable. When you climb to the top of a high mountain you pass through

squandering two thousand million times as much heat as that which genially warms our temperate regions, as that which draws forth the exuberant vegitation of the tropics, or which rages in the Desert of Sahara. This is indeed a great problem.

It was Helmholtz who discovered that the continual maintenance of the sun's temperature is a few or the sun's temperature in the sun's temperature is a few or the sun's temperature in the sun's temperature is a few or the sun's temperature in the sun's temperature is a few or the sun's temperature i

ture is due to the fact that the sun is neithe solid nor liquid, but is to a great extent gas eous. His theory of the subject has gai universal acceptance. Those who have taken the trouble to become acquainted with it are compelled to admit that the doctrine set forth by this great philosopher embodies a pro-

Even the great sun cannot escape the application of a certain law which affects every terrestrial object, and whose province is wide as the universe itself. Nature has not wide as the universe itself. Nature has not one law for the rich and another for the poor. The sun is shedding forth heat, and therefore affirms this law, the gue must be shrinking in size. We have learned the rate at which this contraction proceeds, for among the many triumphs which mathematicians have accomplished must be reckoned that of having put a pair of callingers on the sun so as to measure its callipers on the sun so as to measure its diameter. We thus find that the width of the great luminary is ten inches smaller today than it was yesterday. Year in and year out the glorious orb of heaven is steadily diminishing at the same rate. For hundreds of years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, this incassant, shrinkage here. years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, this incessant shrinkage has gone on at about the same rate as it goes on at present. For hundreds of years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, the shrinkage will go on. As a sponge exudes moisture by con-tinuous squeezing, so the sun pours forth heat by continuous shrinking. So long as the sun remains practically gaseous so long will the great luminary continue to shrink, and thus continue its gracious beneficence. Hence it is that, for incalculable ages yet to come, the sun will pour forth its unspeak-able benefits; and thence it is that for a period, compared with which the time of man this earth is but a day, summer and winter, heat and cold, seedtime and harvest, in their due succession, will never be wanting to this earth. SIR ROBERT BALL.

RELIGIOUS.

English curates are thinking of forming themselves into a professional union on the plan of the trades unions. Rev. Elijah Kellogg, who wrote "Sparta-cus," is still living at the age of 85 years. He preaches twice each Sunday at the little church in Harpswell, Me., and cultivates a small farm.

Rev. Dr. Farley, sentor vicar-general of Archbishop Corrigan, has been made pro-thenotary apostolic by the pope. This is the highest dignity which a Roman Catholic priest can attain outside the miter. Bishop Vincent, in addition to his work as founder and most ardebt worker for the Chautauqua assembly, publishes, edits and writes endlessly, preaches constantly, and performs all the manifold duties incumbent upon a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church

Russia is turning the tables on the American Foreign Mission board, and is sending several priests of the Greek church to minister in its interests in this country. Ever since she sold Alaska to us the Russian government has expended \$50,000 annually on Greek church missions in this country. Thirty-five years ago George L. Harwel

and a girl named Batts were slaves on the same plantation in Virginia. They were engaged to be married when the war broke out; the plantation family was broken up and the lovers were separated, neither knowing what became of the other. It seems that they recently met by accident in Ashland, Wis., and were married about a week ago. One of the chief duties of the prime minister of Madagascards to marry the queen. The present incumbent of office has already ap-

peared in the role of prince consort three times and the young queen, Menjanka III., now awaits his pleasure for a fourth cere-

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ROUGH RIDING ON THE PLAINS Two Hundred Miles Over a Pathless Country

> RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. STANTON'S RIDE An Incident Leading Up to the Battle

on the War Bonnet and the Rout

of the Cheyennes-Day and

in Twenty-Three Hours.

Indian campaigning developed and brought o notice the hard riding qualities of cavalrymen and mounted officers, and border records abound with stories of endurance displayed in the saddle, and thrilling escapes from hostile Indians in the trackless west. This story, related in the Washington Post, by an army man, is a type of many, but possesses additional interest because it is an episode in the stirring frontier life of a distinguished officer, until recently stationed in Omaha. Its time is that of the last Cheyenne war; the scene, the wild, unbroken country just west of the Black Hills; while the chief performer is Brigadier General

it came from the lips of an army officer who knew all about it, and was there at the time.
"The Fifth cavairy; ten companies—this was before the day of 'troops'—under Gen-

Cheyennes. "The Sloux were on the warpath, and busy standing things civilized on their heads over to the north, and the Cheyennes were getting the fever. Good judges of Indians, with their thumbs on the Cheyenne tribal pulse, said they were liable to break out at any moment into a war spirit, join the Sloux already out. and unite their energies to Sitting Buil's in tappling over the paleface of the northwest. "So, as I have already said, General Merritt was watching the Chevennes with ten-companies of the Fifth cavalry. He was to

hold them in check.
"Time went on, and the Cheyennes were

solutely sure they were quiet, and that all danger of a Cheyenne outbreak had blown Sheridan's dispatch said further that he had just received word from a worthy, trusty source that the Cheyennes at the Red Cloud agency were painting up for trouble, and about to leave the reservation and join the Sloux. The truth of this must be discovered and the Cheyenne uprising, were any on the carpet, must be checked. At all hazards the Cheyennes must be prevented from effecting

When Merritt got this dispatch he at one pitched camp. This camp on the War Bon-net was just 100 miles from the Red Cloud

to Brigadier General Stanton, who had then climbed as high up the military ladder as the

or trail. It was as rough a stretch of country, bar some regions in the Reckies, as ever slipped from the palm of the infinite. "But Stanton and his half-breeds knew the direction to Red Cloud, and they kept at it as straight as the flight of a bullet both

Night in the Saddle.

Stanton, just now paymaster general of the army. This drama of the saddle is told just as

eral Merritt, was keeping an eye on the

still quiet. General Merritt and everybody else began to believe they would remain at pecce. One morning General Merritt concluded perce. One morning General Merritt control that all danger from the Cheyennes was over, and began to move north and west with

"He got as far as the War Bonnet, when couriers evertook him with dispatches from General Sheridan—at Chicago or Omaha Sher-idan was—telling General Merritt not to leave the Cheyenne vicinity until he was ab-

agency as crows fly. Between lay a rough country without trail or track. Yet some-body must go to the Red Cloud agency at 'You go, Stanton,' said General Merritt,

round of major. 'You go; you know the country better than any man here.'
"Stanton took four half-breed scouts with him and started. The hour was noon, their horses the pick of the Fifth cavalry.
"This outfit of five pointed straight for the cheyennes came up and the battle

the daylight and in the dark. in the daylight and in the dark.

"Down hill and up, across hollow and over divides, they never slackened or swerved. They never paused for food for themselves or fodder for their horses. Lives might be heavily staked on the game, and man and mount must go through at any cost.

"It may be that somewhere in the pigeon holes of his inner consciousness Stanton had a conviction filed away that Sheridan's line on the Cheyenne intentions was correct. "And it may be for this reason that he dug the incessant spurs into his horse all the more deeply and rode all the more fiercely and grimly toward Red Cloud that day in the northwest. The cavalry could better spare a horse than a settler could his scalp. "Thus concluded Stanton, and taking wha they call out west 'a road gait,' he drew bridle rein or slackened stride the long 100 miles from the War Bonnet to

the agency of Red Cloud.
"Strung out behind him came his quartet of half-breeds, running mute as foxes and bringing their horses forward as inveterately and as remorselessly as Stanton himself. They didn't, being Indians, care so much about a settler's scalp as did Stanton. But, being Indians, they cared nothing at all for horseflesh, and so came as obdurately on as

"An Indian has no more sympathy for a horse than for the buffalo grass it treads upon, and the moment the spur fails to sir the animal's flagging energies, will stick a knife in him as a bracer as readily as he would into its sheath. "Stanton left Merritt's camp on the War

Bonnet at noon. Covered with dust and foam, reeling a bit from very weariness of body. Stanton and his four scouts came surging up to the Red Cloud agency at sharp midnight. The last mile of that rough 100 was behind them, and they had made the trip in just twelve hours by the watch. 'Stanton was too lame and broken to even go into the agency, but sunk down on the steps outside. His horse, with drooping head and shaking flanks, stood where he'd pulled him up.
"'How about the Cheyennes?' was Stan-

"They left the reservation eight hours ago and have started to join the Sloux," was the reply.
"'Send me Fox, the interpreter,' said Stanton, 'and bring me pencil and paper to write a dispatch to General Merritt."

ton's question to those who came to him.

"When Fox came up Stanton ordered him to take a couple of the agency Indians with a lead horse apiece and be ready to start back to Merritt at once. Then he wrote his dispatch as he reclined on the door steps, "Stanton told General Merritt that the Theyennes were on the warpath; had started o find the Sioux over what was known as the Great Northern trail, and suggested that if Merritt would throw loose from his wagons and take only the Fifth cavalry he could push up the War Bonnet and head them off at the

"Fox and his Indians with two horses each were ready and started with Stanton's dispatch at 12:29 o'clock; just twenty minutes after Stanton came in. With lead horses they had an advantage which Stanton and his four half-breeds didn't possess. So well did they use it that they rode in on General Merritt at 11:20 o'clock the same morning. They had put the 100 miles under them in eleven hours;

"That's all there is to the story. It was simple case of dispatch bearing; a case where 200 miles over a trackless waste was covered in twenty-three hours; half of he night. How's that for perishing flesh and

Red Cloud agency; what a farmer would call of the War Bonnet was fought. It was the 'cross lots.' There wasn't the shadow of path last fight the Cheyennes ever made. They, or trail. It was as rough a stretch of were whipped and driven back to Red Cloud. were whipped and driven back to Red Cloud. Their effort to make a junction with the Sioux and get in on the war, thanks to Stan-ton's rough riding, was frustrated. Many a man and woman combing their hair these September mornings owe that privilege to Stanton. They may not realize it, but they

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Two wheels of a freight car passed over the ankle of a brakeman on the Santa I road in Kansas without breaking the bones. In Trigg county, Kentucky, Mr. J. Thomas grew an apple that weighed a pound and ten ounces.

The bicycle fad has struck Southington,

Conn., so hard that the people have named one of the thoroughfares "Safety avenue." People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff. Linen can be marked by electricity. The fabric is dampened with water containing common sait in solution, and a current is

passed for about two seconds from a silver ie, carrying silver into the fabric wherever the die touches. The owner of a pin factory in Seymour, Conn., recently hauled away several tons of defective pins and made of them a sidewalk in front of his house. He expects as soon as these useful implements rust and are pounded down to have the finest pavement in this

country. Some ingenious rogues in Calcutta and Bombay purchase favorite brands of liquor in the original packages. They remove the good liquor without touching the cork or the capsule, and substitute vile stuff. This is done by drilling a hole in the bottom

of the bottle. of the bottle.

A Danbury, Conn., man has succeeded in raising white cucumbers on his farm. In the spring he bought the seed and planted. the spring he bought the seed and planted it in four hills. It sprouted very quickly and the vines it produced were unusually thrifty, vigorous and healthy looking. Presently they were thickly set with white, tender cucumbers. They are of good size, against a seed of the kind in the world. When the cucumbers were first set they were cream colored, but the color changed in a few days to a chalky the color changed in a few days to a chalky the color changed in a few days to a chalky hue, and when they were fit for the table

they were as white nearly as snow. They were at no time green in color. Calling in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey, announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistic-ally carved. This is sent on in advance, and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting card, consisting of a piece of wood about foot long and decorated with a bunch

CONTENT.

Albert B. Paine in Ladies' Home Journal. The red deer hies to his leafy glade,
The goat to its mountain steep,
The grayling gambols beneath the shade,
Where the brook runs still and deep.
The hawk flies home to its mountain nest,
The lark to her lonesome lea—
My baby lies on its mother's breast,
And the mother is here with me.

Oh, fair is the sea and the sky above,
And sweet is the summer land,
But what is the world to a woman's love
And the feel of a dimpled hand?
And what do I care for the land—the land,
And what do I care for the sea,
When I feel the touch of a baby's hand
And the mother is here by me?

The gray old world goes on and on,
Its labors shall never cease,
But here is the blush of creation's dawn
And the blossoming rose of peace.
And what do I care for the mountain's And what for the lonesome lea?

My baby lies on its mother's breast.

And the mother is here with me.